

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1854.

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TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

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THE WASHINGTON ELECTIONS AND THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The Washington Know-Nothing election, it is said, very quietly. They were so sure of the victory the result did not yield them what the French call "pleasurable disappointment." Mr. Towers, the Know-Nothing Mayor, is a practical printer, and it is said, will make an excellent Mayor.

The Washington Star thinks the triumph of the party was due in no small degree to the Brooklyn riot and ventures the opinion that the exaggerated accounts of that fracas, were manufactured and forwarded to Washington for the express purpose of influencing the election. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the defeat of Mr. Maury, the Democratic-Roman-Catholic-Administration candidate, was a most signal one, in view of his majority of nearly 1500 votes at the last election.

The Washington Sentinel of the day after the election, has an article about the defeat of the Loco candidate which is so replete with astonishment, chagrin, and apprehension, as to be capital reading for lovers of that species of "the humorous" which is produced by unexpected mishap. Mankind have a wicked way of laughing at anybody who is tripped up, and does not take the fall gracefully, and the Sentinel, flat of its back, and squirming, and scolding like a terrier, cuts a figure full as ludicrous as any in Punch. "Who are these Know-Nothings?" asks the Sentinel; and after confessing its inability to answer the question, it proceeds vigorously to pummel them.

Whoever, or whatsoever they are, they are surely becoming "a power" in this country, and as Know-Nothingism goes up, some otherism must go down. This however is not specially comforting. We join the Sentinel's query, "Who are they?" What holds them together? How is it that in every town where blank posters are stuck about the streets the party carries the next election? What is the difference between them and the old Native American party, that died finally, as was thought in 1844, during a riot in Philadelphia? Nativism under the new name must have also some new element in its organization, or the party could never have spread and grown strong as it has, in a few months. We should like to answer these questions, if we could, for the satisfaction of our readers, and our own gratification; but at this juncture we are only able to say, that the new party according to common report, is neither more nor less than the defunct "Native American" resurrectioned. It remains to be seen how long they will live, and what is to be their influence. So far, they have swept every thing before them whenever they chose to exert their strength; and believing as we do, that the party is likely to become great and powerful, we anxiously await "further developments," and regret that just now we know nothing, though exceedingly anxious to know everything.

SOUTHERN WHIG PARTY.—OMINOUS.—A writer in a Richmond paper, who addresses himself to the Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer, a strong whig paper of the Southern school, says:—

"I have a high, personal respect for you, and especially admire your Southern spirit. I have read, therefore, with pleasure, your article announcing your determination to act no longer with the Northern whigs, and that it is impossible for the Southern whigs to go into convention with them. I agree also with you, that if the Southern whigs are to keep up a political organization, it would be best for them to hold a Southern convention, as by that means they can best concentrate their strength, so as to jump upon either end of the beam they please at the next election; and I will add, that it is even possible they might come out of their convention good and true 'Know-Nothings.'"

So they may. In all the late local elections where the Know Nothings have carried the day, they have had the whole whig vote to back them. The election of the Know Nothing candidates for Mayor in Philadelphia and in Washington, the other day, was the result of a thorough coalition between the Native-American-anti-Catholic-Know-Nothings and the whigs. If the whig party of the South intend in the same way to identify themselves with the Know Nothings, the campaign of 1856 will be wholly without a parallel in its excitement, animosities and tremendous results. There will be the two opposing elements of abolitionism, and Southern slavery in the most violent form; and there will be Protestantism against Catholicism, and natives against the Irish, in a war of political extermination. It is manifest that this Know Nothing organization, united with the whigs, is competent and determined to break down the remains of the present democratic party; and in this view the re-construction of the fragments of both the old political parties, upon new men and new principles, is inevitable. The revolution has already commenced. Before a twelvemonth is over there will not be a vestige of the old whig and democratic parties, as such, remaining. Such are the signs of the times.

So writes a New York editor, and New York editors are proverbial for knowing every thing past, present and to come.

A HARD HIT.—Henry Ward Beecher says he means to vote against the Nebraska bill, though the ballot box should be placed in the jaws of hell.

To this the Wheeling Argus replies that every man has a right to vote in his own precinct.

A capital portrait has been published abroad of the King of Prussia. He is represented as standing between a bottle of champagne and a big sword uncertain as to which of the two he should draw. It is called "Meditation on the Eastern Question."

THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS."

The Baltimore Patriot says the result of the corporate elections in New Orleans, Washington and Philadelphia, shows the organization of a powerful interest known by the significant appellation which heads this article. They have come upon the politicians as some of those signal scourges with which Heaven has chosen to afflict the wickedness of man, have come upon the earth, moving in inscrutable and inexorable power, and leaving no other record of its nature than the devastations of its path. The politicians stand aghast. They have been carried fainting from the feast. Their charms have lost their potency. Their pride is humbled. Like the storm of hail and brimstone which swept over the doomed cities—like the pestilence which spared not the Eunuch at the footstool, or the Monarch on the throne, the "Know Nothings" seem moving over the land on a mission of political punishment and prostration. As these severe marks of divine indignation were generally followed by prayer, repentance and reformation, we may hope that a few more salutary admonitions may have the effect of restoring the purity of official appointment and party action throughout the United States.

We are in total ignorance of the principles or purposes of the "Know Nothings," except so far as they may be inferred from results. It seems a volunteer police in aid of public morality. It recognizes no Federal division—contends for no political system. It seems actuated alone by a determination to maintain the institutions of the country, and to commit its officers to none but citizens of unimpeachable integrity.

We can well see how such an organization may have become necessary. Party contests have obliterated the lines of principle which once divided men. The lust of conquest has extinguished political honesty, and made any professions of patriotism a subject of jest or of suspicion. The platform creed of parties has been suspended by local dispensations. Unscrupulous politicians have secured nominations by intrigue, and party fealty has compelled a support to the nominee which could not have been accorded to the man. Officers in high stations have permitted themselves to be implicated in speculations upon the government, and permitted the political misrepresentations of their acts to settle in reproach upon the party to which they belong. Statesmen regard public office as a private property, and the family tree of some might be shown, which taking root in the Federal treasury, bears upon its spreading branches, the fruit of preferment to the most remote degree of direct and collateral consanguinity. Subordinate officers are chosen for no knowledge of figures, save a capacity to increase those upon the poll-book, and with no capacity to write save for the newspapers.

But co-existent with the degradation of parties this new party has sprung up. It has discarded the machinery of conventions—it makes no noisy and vindictive declamations—it works in obscurity and silence. It has elevated thus far to office honest and capable citizens, bearing indifferently the names of both the old parties. It has only made its faith known by its works, as there is, we believe, no authorized publication of its character or purposes.

We cannot, therefore, speak from personal knowledge, but we warn politicians, that if they wish to draw anew the lines of party, they must purify the administration of the Government—bestow its offices upon honest and capable citizens without regard to political classification—exert of representatives, whether in the Legislature or in foreign countries, morality, industry, self-respect, and devotion to the interests of the nation. If this be done the Know Nothings, as we infer their objects from their acts, will have accomplished all they design; but if the politicians shall not take warning, the "places" which now know them will soon know them no more forever, and the shrines which they have polluted will be purged of their unholy ministrations by the sacred and consuming fire of public indignation.

NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 12.

The Orizaba has arrived at this port with dates from the City of Mexico to the 5th inst. It is reported that the Gadsden treaty was not accepted by Santa Anna, but has been returned to Washington with some amendments which are not known.

Great preparations are making to celebrate Santa Anna's birth day, 18th inst, when it is currently reported he will proclaim himself Emperor.

No further intelligence of Alvarez.

RUSSIA.—The most bitter feelings of hostility are represented to exist at St. Petersburg against Austria, and it is rumored that one hundred and fifty thousand Russian soldiers were on the march to Bakuvin, one of the Austrian provinces on the Russian borders.

Owing to the war Russia's commerce was greatly suffering, and many commercial failures were anticipated.

Baltimore, June 13.—The Hon. Robert T. Conrad, the recently elected Mayor of Philadelphia, was inaugurated on Tuesday, when he promised to appoint none but Native Americans to office.

The Legislature of New Hampshire has refused to lay the anti-Nebraska resolutions on the table.

A writer in a literary journal of Paris states that the bees greatly improve the fructification of fruit trees. Orchards in which several hives are kept, always produce more fruit than those in which there are none.

Washington, June 14.—A treaty has been made with Japan. The U. S. Senate has passed a joint resolution for the recess of Congress from July until October.

THE PHYSICIAN.

The following extracts are from a sermon, delivered by Rev. Anson Smyth, occasioned by the death of Calvin Smith, M. D., of Toledo, Ohio.

"Let the physician be a man of education, of thorough knowledge of medical science; let him be a gentleman in manner, and let him possess a pure moral character, and he is qualified for such a discharge of his professional duties, as will make him like Luke, the Evangelist, 'the beloved physician.' He fills a noble, a God-like profession. It was once practiced by the Son of God, who 'went about healing all manner of sickness amongst the people.' It is a profession to which no illiterate, ignorant or vile man should be admitted. Of the different medical theories or paths I have nothing now to say, willing for the occasion to leave them with the diversities of opinion. But this I am ever ready to affirm, that the miserable spic who presumes to practice his quackery upon the lives of his fellow men, ought, by law, to be restrained from running at large. Of all our temporal interests, none can, for one moment, be compared with those which we entrust to the physician. In his professional, social, and moral character, human welfare demands that he should stand above the reach of just reproach."

"The services which Physicians perform, claim for them the esteem and gratitude of the world. To save life, to remove disease, to promote health and happiness, are the constant efforts of the Faculty. When the first symptoms of illness are perceived, our thoughts, with more than electric speed, fly to our physician. The mere thought of our skillful, faithful, and kind Doctor, dispels much of that alarm which the occasion would prompt. He hastens to our dwelling, and by timely remedies checks the incipient malady, or perhaps, convinces us that without important aid from medicine, nature will work her own recovery from the injury she has received."

At another time, all unexpected, to our acute and threatening disease enters a peaceful and benignant parent, or a child, some dear one is suddenly attacked, and at once, what agitation, what fear of a fatal result, causes every heart to throb, and every countenance to mantle with sorrow! Without delay the family physician is summoned—he who never wants a second bidding—he enters the darkened chamber, examines with care the case, discovers the character of the disease, and administers a counter-actant. Beside the sick one he watches while danger continues; now quickening the languid pulse, now cooling the fevered brow, and all forgetful of his own fatigue unvisited, whispers to the patient words of encouragement. Ere long, the stricken one walks forth in health, and joy revisits his home. That life, many so precious, has been saved only by the science, skill, and fidelity of him who after is to the household, 'the beloved physician.' Do you say that such is not always the result; that often the patient dies under medical treatment? True, but this does not at all detract from our indebtedness to the profession. 'It is appointed unto man once to die.' At some period, earlier or later, all must sleep in death. The physician may do all that science and skill can accomplish, and yet death ensue. The disease may be of so occult a character that its diagnosis shall be beyond human research. It may be so complex as to baffie all pathologic analysis. It may be of so virulent a type, or have made such progress before treatment commenced, or such may be the constitutional feebleness of the subject, that no earthly power can save him from the grasp of death. It may be true, as I believe it is in many, that the physician's prescriptions and advice are neglected, and death is the result of the obstinacy or imprudence of the patient. Be the fatal termination the effect of one cause or another, it is, in more than ninety-nine cases in a hundred, wrong to impute blame to him, who, in night and day, with deep anxiety and ceaseless effort, has labored for the approaching death, and strives to rescue the victim from its grasp. I know of no cruelty and of no meanness, surpassing that of those who are forever ready to blame the physician for every death that occurs under his treatment. If he be a man of professional ambition, if he have a sensitive and kind heart, he will deeply lament the death of his patient, without the promptings of the crowd and cruel criticism of those who know nothing, and do nothing, for the matter where they affirm."

"Do you say physicians are paid for their labors, and therefore, the world is no more indebted to them than to mechanics and mechanics, who follow their callings for the profits they afford? I reply that money cannot repay our indebtedness to medical skill, and achievement. You may, however, be a single hour in physical distress, spasms, and excruciating agonies tormenting your frail body; but your physician hastens to your side, and administers some quiescent preparation which at once removes your pains and paroxysms, and restores you to health and happiness. Will money pay for such a cure? For how much would you remain all your life in such a state?"

"Again, your precious child seems ready to fall a victim to violent disease; but, by the skill and care of your physician, his life is saved, his health restored. Will money pay your indebtedness to him who brought back your dear one from the gates of death, and placed it upon your rejoicing bosom? Or, your own life is in danger—your weeping friends greatly fear that you will die. Doctors, and have just now, just and unexpressed. To your agitated soul there may be a 'fearful looking for of judgment,' and retribution. But through the efforts of your physician, your years are prolonged, your probation continued. Now, can you balance this preservation, and salvation it may be, with dollars and cents? The expiring English Queen, in deepest agony exclaimed, 'Millions of money for a moment of time!'"

"The physician is obliged, often, to disregard his comfort, his health, and his life even, in ministering to the life, health, and comfort of others. You wake at midnight—it is densely dark, and the cold and sweeping storm howls around your dwelling. Upon the side-walk you hear hurried footsteps, or in the streets the rattling of carriage wheels. It is the Doctor, driving in haste, to some abode of sickness. He had after severe professional labor, just laid himself upon his couch, when the previous night he had not visited. Though exhausted and worn down, he hesitates not for a moment, but hastens to the renewal of his cares and toils. While you so quietly sleep, free from all alarms, the physician is bending over the sick, performing disagreeable duties, inhaling the breath of disease, witnessing scenes of suffering, listening to the groans of the dying. Look at physicians in times of epidemic disease; then is apparent the value of those noble sons of science—these heroic men who rush to the conflict, throwing themselves before the raging pestilence, a shield to the lives of their fellow men. Like chivalrous brothers, or like God's angels of mercy, they fly to the relief

of suffering humanity. There is no hovel so poor, so reeking with the deadly breath of the pestilence, or filled with wretches so abject, that these messengers of life refuse its calls for help. They are the life guards of human society in all its grades. 'I was sick and ye visited me.' Blessed encomium!

"Our obligations to physicians, dollars cannot cancel. And if they could, often they do not; for how large a proportion of their labors is gratuitous. There is no profession, no avocation in life upon which destitution and distress make so heavy and frequent demands. Scarce a day passes in which they are not called upon for laborious service by those who have no means to recompense them for what they do. And not only are such labors without pecuniary remuneration, but the condition of house and patient is often such as to render their performance disagreeable and self-sacrificing in the extreme. The farmer, the merchant, and the mechanic, are not expected gratuitously to supply the wants of even the most destitute, and yet like drafts are continually made upon the benevolence of the physician. Moreover, the medical profession exposes the lives of those who practice it, to the most imminent danger. Who else is so often exposed to contagious and infectious diseases? Who so liable to be overtaken with excessive labors? In the meridian of life, how many fall sacrifices to the health of others? And surely the man who performs for us such services, who subjects himself to such toils, self-denials, and perils, well deserves the title of the 'Beloved Physician.'"

A KNOW NOTHING TRIUMPH.—At Bridgeport, Ct., there was recently a hotly contested election of a State Representative to supply a vacancy. Philo F. Barnum and a Rev. Mr. Sinist were the candidates. When the polls were counted, great was the astonishment at discovering that Thomas H. Oakly, whose name had never been mentioned for the office publicly, had been elected by a majority of 556! Where the tickets came from, and who voted them, remains a complete mystery.

CURE FOR PALPITATION.—A lady, about forty years old, says the Journal of Health, who has suffered severely from periodical attacks of palpitation of the heart, from the age of twelve years, has found immediate and permanent relief from the use of soda water. It appears from experiment since made that carbonic acid gas is the active curative agent.

Considerable excitement has been created among the medical profession in London—so says the Morning Advertiser of that city—on account of the hands of a young lady having become so firmly clenched together as to require great force to separate the fingers, and then only for a moment, from the palms of her hands. The phenomenon occurred while she was trying the table-moving experiments, and since then she has lost the use of her hands.

The Eastern struggle is beginning to seriously affect various of the national treasures. The announcement of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer that he could give no pledge that there would not be an increase of the public debt is significant of what the tax-payers of that country may expect. From Spain, too, we hear of great financial embarrassment, and the public notification of the fact that the government finds itself compelled to resort to a forced loan to replenish the treasury.

The vacancy in the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, occasioned by the retirement of Mr. Everett, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Fish, of New York. Thus the Committee will be equally balanced upon every question in regard to Cuba, which may look towards a war for its acquisition at this time. The Chairman, Mr. Mason, is conservative and cautious on this subject, and will net with Messrs. Clayton and Fish, in regard to it.

SINGULAR CASE OF DEATH.—Mr. Ed. Knight, an Englishman, passenger on the Hercules, which was run into by the steamer Sicily, off Nice, and sunk, who was rescued, has since died at Geneva, of gangrene, resulting from a bite of his wife. During their last struggles together in the sea, Mr. K. proposed to abandon the children, as he could not save both them and her, but she declined, and so went down with them in the desperation of the moment biting off one of his fingers.

A drunken fellow in West Utica, N. Y. went home on Tuesday evening, 9th inst., and fell or threw himself across the body of his sick wife, who was lying in bed. She was instantly killed, and in the morning they were found, the man still dead drunk, lying across the body of his dead wife.

Three murderers were sentenced at New Orleans, last week—two of them for murdering their wives. Patrick Finn and Maria Arguillo, to the penitentiary for life, and Frank Smith to be hung.

Love fits into rhyme as naturally as peas into a pod—in fact, rhyme without love in it would be pods without peas, or in other words mere husks without any marrow—fat.

There was great excitement at St. Johns, New Brunswick, between the Catholics and Protestants in relation to the election.

The Cutter Nelley and schooner Daring sailed to protect the Fisheries.

Twenty-three slaves escaped from Grant County, Kentucky, on Tuesday night, and took passage for Canada. Nine fugitives from Boone County had also arrived at Cincinnati.

We learn from the St. Louis Intelligencer of last week, the Whig Convention of Saturday nominated Luther M. Kennett for Congress in the St. Louis district.

God's sunshine falls as brightly around the poor man's cabin as the princely mansion of the rich.

It is reported that General Houston contemplates resigning his seat in the Senate.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Air—"Old Folks at Home."

Dark fall the shades of evening dreary,
Sad, and am I;
Slow drag the cheerless hours away,
Coldly the storm sweeps by;
Hopeless and fearful of to-morrow,
Weeping and tears.

I'm watching in my house of sorrow,
Grieving o'er vanished years,
O, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!

Now darkened with distress and sadness,
Weeping I mourn for thee!

Once happy was our sunny dwelling—
William was true;
Now anguish in my heart is swelling,
Deep as the joy I knew.
He yielded to the full temptation,
Friends led him on,
Till, reeling from his lofty station,
Mankind and truth are gone.

O, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now darkened with distress and sadness,
Weeping I mourn for thee!

Once happy were my children's voices,
Unhushed by fear;
Gone now the music that rejoices,
Famine and grief are here!
Once tender were the words of greeting,
When my William came,
Now fearfully my heart is beating,
Scared at the once loved name.

O, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now darkened with distress and sadness,
Weeping I mourn for thee!

One hope within my heart is glowing—
One rising star;
One strain as of a bugle blowing,
Tells of a glorious war.
First came the blessed note of gladness,
Floating from Maine,
Trembling I turn from thoughts of sadness,
Home may be bright again!

O, the hope, new-born and glorious;
May its promise be
Crowned with the blessed law victorious!
Giving the old home to me!

VALUABLE, IF TRUE.—A correspondent over the signature of "Ledger," sends us the following:

I have just read in your paper what has often before been published, respecting the curious properties of the figure 9. One of these properties is of importance to all book-keepers and accountants to know, and which I have never seen published. I accidentally found it out, and the discovery to me, (though it may have been well known to others before,) has often been of essential service to me in settling complicated accounts. It is this: The difference between any transposed numbers is always a multiple of 9; for instance, suppose an accountant or book-keeper cannot prove or balance his accounts—there is a difference between his debits and credits, which he cannot account for, after careful and repeated additions. Let him then see if this difference can be divided by 9, without any remainder. If it can, he may be assured that his error most probably lies in his having somewhere transposed figures; that is to say, he has put down 92 for 29, 83 for 38, &c., without any other transposition. The difference of any such transposition is always a multiple of 9. The knowledge of this will at once direct attention to the true source of error, and save the labor of adding up often long columns of figures. The difference between 92 and 29 is 63, or 7 times 9; between 83 and 38 is 45, or 5 times 9, and so on between any transposed numbers.

The Hindoo idea of hell is, to say the least, sufficiently terrific to arrest the attention of sinners the most incorrigible. Some say they are made to tread on burning sands, or sharp-edged stones; others are rolled among thorns and spikes and putrid flesh; others are dragged along the roughest places by cords passed through the tender parts of the body; some are attacked by jackals, tigers and elephants; others are pierced to death by arrows, beaten with clubs, pricked with needles, seared with hot irons, and tormented by flies and wasps; some are plunged into pans of liquid fire or boiling oil.

FAST WOMAN.—A woman named Mrs. Hamersly, in St. Lawrence county, N. York, was in her day a divorcée from her husband, at half past seven o